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CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

TO every American the name of liberty is a grateful sound. Talk to the drowsy Turk, or the ignorant Spaniard, of the enjoyment of his natural rights, and he feels no emotion; but the man, who has once tasted the sweets of freedom, has learnt, that without it life is a worthless gift. Every native of this happy land, taught to dread slavery as the severest curse, can well appreciate his privileges; and when called upon to surrender them, and submit to foreign restraint, indignation and horrour nerve his arm, and he prepares to show the world how dear the temerity of those must cost them, who attempt to strip him of what nature gave.

These remarks were suggested by the recent celebration of our glorious anniversary. The ardour of patriotism, which was kindled by the recurrence of this day, has in a degree subsided, and given place to sober reason. Let us seize this opportunity to make some remarks, which demand the exercise of that faculty. The present manner of commemorating the birth day of our country is sanctioned by a custom of thirty four years' continuance. Such age surely deserves reverence. Do not fear lest I should refuse

this just respect—I will not inconsiderately deny the propriety of the usual mode of expressing our joy on this joyful occasion; but I will leave it to my countrymen to conclude, how far this inference follows. What, then, I will ask, is the object of this celebration? Is it merely to hear an oration and prepare for a splendid entertainment? Any other day in the calendar is equally appropriate. The true object of this pageant is, to pay a just tribute to the heroes and sages who achieved our independence, to take a retrospect of our country's struggles, and, by the price our freedom cost, to learn to estimate it justly, and inhale a spirit of patriotism, which shall be its future Palladium. So far as the present mode of commemorating this day answers these purposes, so far it is worthy of a free and enlightened people; if it fails of this effect, it is worse than trifling; it vitiates the populace.

How far does this celebration promote the designs of the festival? How few, amidst so much parade, remember the cause! How few, by calling to mind the bloody scenes of the revolution, are made better men or more zealous patriots! I wish I could say otherwise of my countrymen; but the truth is obvious. Observe the crowd on this occasion, and calculate how large a proportion come merely to see such a concourse; how many to join their acquaintance, equally idle, and equally ignorant. The lower grade of citizens, illiterate and indigent, meet to gaze at their superiours and salute their equals; another equally worthless grade, better clad indeed, but full as light, assemble on this day, because it affords an opportunity of dissipating time, which would otherwise hang heavy on their hands, and of appearing learned and patriotick. To either of these classes of citizens the anniversary ceremony brings no advantages—it adds to the profanity of the first, binds still stronger the bonds of poverty, and increases their misery—it con-

firms the vanity and self-conceit of the second, without improving their minds, their patriotism, or their virtue. But there is another order of citizens, of whom I can speak with more pleasure. Yes, my countrymen, we have men, whose hearts, as they assemble on this sacred day, beat high in unison with the patriotick pulse of '75. Such men view the day in a proper light, and wish to recount the deeds of our forefathers, that they may learn to go and do likewise; and while they learn the value of our inestimable privileges, they make a silent compact with heart and hand, gloriously to defend and transmit them unimpaired.

Such are the feelings of this valuable part of the community, and such their object, when they assemble to listen to the orator of the day. But are these orations generally such, as to favour and promote this object? Alas! my country, I blush, when I answer in the negative. How long shall the feeble triteness, or the unmeaning fustian of these performances disgust the friends of America and the defenders of her literary character? If these are correct specimens of American talents and learning, well may we plead guilty to the imputations of weakness and want of literary taste, which are urged against us by Europeans. The Edinburgh reviewers bring as a proof of our small progress in learning, that no one has yet been able to tell the story of that revolution, which gave us freedom, in a tolerable style. Perhaps the time is not far distant, should the Corsican usurper survive, when his ministers will affirm that America, who has never been able to celebrate her birth day with proper splendour and ability, deserves not independence.

I hope no one will accuse me of sinister motives, or improper bias, when I hazard a few remarks on the late independence orations. Let those who have read Mr. Townsend's oration judge, whether my remarks on it are just. In this I think his division of the active causes of our indepen-

dence into "feelings, manners, and principles," is scarcely logical.* It is a division without nature, or if it is a natural division, he leaves it very obscure. Nor can I call my country's fortunes, as Mr. Townsend does, a "comedy of "errours." Even though Columbus might "blunder" toward this continent, (to speak in the elegant language of Mr. Townsend,) yet I cannot grant, that we "blundered" into independence, nor can I hope that our country will, at some future time, "blunder" into glory. On the whole, I cannot think this performance worthy to have been written by an alumnus of Harvard University, or to be heard by the enlightened citizens of our metropolis.

Mr. Lincoln's performance, though not marked with that limping feebleness, which sinks Mr. Townsend's below criticism, is yet as offensive from its noisy rant. When he talks of connexion with Britain he seems furious. But he should recollect, that showing hatred toward other countries, is not evincing love for his own. Should my companion tell me, that he hated all mankind beside myself, so far from thinking it followed that he loved me, I should be well persuaded of the contrary. Mr. Lincoln also strives to prove the misery brought upon the inhabitants of the Indies by British connexion. A greater proof of miscalculation and ignorance does not appear in the whole work. We know, that in the war which subdued the Indies, as in all other wars, many were slaughtered, and perhaps unnecessary bar-

* To those, who recollect the form of the vote of the town in the early periods of this anniversary, it may seem sufficient authority for this distribution of his subject. The inhabitants of Boston usually voted, that the oration should consider "the feelings, manners, and principles," which produced our independence; but no orator, before Mr. Townsend, ever made this the regular sermonizing division of his work. But even if the whole weight of the absurdity of this mode did not rest upon Mr. Townsend, yet to stumble through it in the blind manner he has, admits of no excuse.

barities committed; but even the enemies of the British government acknowledge, that the people of India are much happier under the regular and pacifick establishment of the English, than when murdering and tormenting one another with intestine wars.

I feel relieved from a burden, when I pass from such productions, to the oration of Mr. Metcalf, delivered at Dedham. This deserves a considerable share of praise. The writer shows some genius and a laudable goodness of heart. When this gentleman defends the conduct of our ancestors on virtuous principles, I hope every American joins sincerely in his opinion. He declares, that our fathers fought in defence of rights—this is fact, and what all ought to know. Here mark what Mr. Townsend says—that our country was " of age to be free ;" she had found out this, therefore she was free. A small share of common sense can easily show the folly and absurdity of this reasoning. I cannot stand to refute such palpable misstatements ; my object being to contrast Mr. Metcalf's correct judgment and honourable principles, with the ignorance and perverse opinions of Mr. Townsend.

To the arbitrary notion, that we ought to be free, there are no limits. It will apply even now to any part of our Union, any part of France, any part of England.

The foregoing remarks are necessarily extremely general. I do not say, that the orations of preceding years were not equally faulty, but I do hope, that none so pitiful will ever again insult us in a printed pamphlet. I hope, for the honour of my country and the good of my fellow-citizens, that these duties will, in future, be discharged by men, who can justly eulogize past worth ; who can add to our literary character, and strengthen our love of country.

NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH S. HIXON.

ON the fourth of July died in Boston JOSEPH SAYER HIXON, aged eighteen years, a member of the Sophomore class of Harvard college.

The death of a youth is, at all times, a serious warning, especially to his fellows; but the Providence of God in this dispensation, is uncommonly impressive. The character of the deceased is a profitable subject of meditation; for, marked with literary attainments and moral virtues, it will teach, that learning and virtue, however justly prized, present no immunities to their possessor at the day of dissolution.

He was born with very respectable talents, and the course of his studies and the application of his leisure hours particularly developed a bright imagination. This faculty was attended in him, with penetration sufficiently acute, judgment that promised fairly for maturity, and memory quick, retentive, and ready. With such mental endowments, it will readily be believed, that diligent study acquired him great merit and reputation as a scholar. His taste led him especially to cultivate the practice of declamation, in which art he particularly excelled. To this he devoted much of his attention and leisure, from his very childhood, and at his death had stored in his memory the most interesting selections, from our classical authors, and attained the invaluable accomplishments of elegance and gracefulness of gesture, and propriety of elocution. His acquirements in all the other branches of college study were highly respectable, and his friends entertained the justest hopes of his professional eminence. But his frame of body was not by nature vigorous, and his constitutional weakness was increased by habits of application. His ambition was a principle too active to permit much relaxation, however necessary, and it is to be feared that he af-

fords another instance of the sacrifice of health at the altar of emulation. Early in the last spring, his health appeared to be feeble, and called for unusual attention. But not seriously affected, this was withheld, and he pursued his ordinary studies with undiminished sedulity. Upon returning to college after the vernal vacation, he found himself unable to renew his studies, and accordingly went home. His disorder was a typhus fever, of which, after having partly recovered, but again relapsing, he died on independence day. His class was thus deprived of one of its best scholars ; his fellow-students of the University of an amiable companion ; its officers of a docile and intelligent pupil ; his mother of a child, on whom reposed her most precious hopes ; and the community disappointed in high expectations. To his classmates and fellow-students, and their common instructers, no reflections of mine, though I loved him well, can enforce the monition of his death. Desolation has taught them a lesson, which mortal wisdom cannot improve ; and there is no need that the arrows of death should be plumed by the pen of the moralist. If Hixon's death alone could pass unnoticed, or be no longer remembered, after a few sighs and tears, let it be impressed by examining the list of your most valuable friends. Where is BIRD, your mutual pride ?

" By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
" By foreign hands his decent limbs composed,
" By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,
" By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned."

Have you forgotten him ?—Go, masters ! Go, pupils, to the grave of HARRIS ; or move a step farther to that by its side.*

The death of Hixon is distressingly afflictive to his widowed mother. Though she had been sorely tried by former

* For a notice of the very awful death of President WEBBER, see the subsequent part of the present number.

afflictions, yet the promise of a favourite son bid fair to obliterate the remembrance of other woes. She saw in him those abilities and that industry, which, to less sanguine fondness than a mother feels, might raise expectations, whose disappointment must be dreadful. She could never have thought, that so much filial affection, so much intelligence, and so much virtue, were launched on the world, to skim a day or two round the shore of life, and to be shattered by the storms that rage about the coasts. But she was taught resignation by the object of her woes, and the serenity of his mind was reflected to hers. She has been able to derive comfort from every source, from which in its purity it can flow, and disappointment of the hopes she cherished of her son's earthly fame vanishes before her confidence of his happiness hereafter.

The community of citizens feel perhaps little emotion at the fate of a youth, whose name was first introduced to them by the gazette, which announced his death. But had he lived to manhood, he would have been eloquent, wise, and useful. This then is the publick loss; an eloquent, wise, and useful man. A death, which ought to produce as deep and general sensation, sometimes occurs, but is unfrequent and awful. Still, thank God, man is not uselessly afflicted, and if the death of Hixon has repressed the thoughtless vivacity of one companion, has startled the settled indifference of one confirmed in manhood, or solemnized the cold reflections of one waning in years, though the price is distressing and precious, the purchase is eternal and invaluable. It will not, then, be in vain, that the vivacity of youth and the ardour of ambition were quenched by the pangs of pain and loathsome sickness; nor that the love of classmates, of fellow-students, and of instructers; that maternal affection, and publick respect have lost an object of principal devotion.

NOTICE OF MR. SAMUEL HARRIS.

THERE is a selfishness in grief, which is apt to assume the prerogative of a title to attention and respect, and to appeal with confidence to the sympathy of others. As this claim is generally allowed, we hesitate not, amidst the gloom and sorrow, with which this university is at present overwhelmed, to anticipate the indulgence of the publick for the extraordinary portion of our miscellany, which is this day devoted to mournful topicks. We are not conscious of any apology due to our readers, for thus deviating from the common track of literary amusement; we can only presume that they will be disposed to participate with us in the remembrance and veneration of departed worth, in lamentations for interrupted friendships, and in the expression of those feelings, which events, such as we have witnessed, must ever excite in the bosom of humanity.

It has fallen to the lot of the writer of this article, to give an account of the life and character of Mr. SAMUEL HARRIS; the circumstances of whose death are already sufficiently known, to render it unnecessary for us to announce. It shall be our endeavour to accomplish the proposed task in such a manner, as shall gratify the public curiosity, and fulfil the expectations of private friendship.

Mr. Harris was born in Boston, of respectable parents, in the month of May, 1783. In his infancy was plainly discovered the dawn of that curious and inquisitive faculty of his mind, which, in his succeeding life, incited him to pursue with so much ardour the most remote and laborious investigations. One singular fact may here be worthy of notice, as illustrative of the peculiarity of his genius. When about three years of age, he was first taught the alphabet; and no sooner had he learned the names of a few letters, than he employed himself in comparing the appearances of

them, with the figures of such sensible objects, as his observation had as yet made him acquainted with. For instance, he would remind his instructress of the resemblance of the letter X to a sawyer's horse; of the letter H to a chair; of O to a hoop, &c. This is an evident indication of the original bias of his mind.

His ardent love of books increased rapidly with his years. At the age of ten, he attended two schools every day, the duties of which occupied a great portion of his time. But besides the rapid progress he made in his stated lessons, he devoted much of his time and attention to more favourite pursuits. He was extremely desirous of procuring all the medals which were accidentally within his reach. Of these his intelligence and sagacity furnished him with a very accurate local and chronological history. The pleasure they afforded him then was probably the source of his subsequent fondness for antiquities, which we shall have occasion again to notice. In his early youth, every opportunity was seized of examining the names and construction of foreign alphabets. He compared them together, and displayed uncommon accuracy and skill in marking their nicest resemblance and distinction. The cultivation of literature was now the incessant aim of all his exertions. The amusements of youth were to him insipid and disgusting; and his happiness appeared to depend on his studies in no less a degree, than his very existence depended on the air he breathed. Often in the darkness of midnight would he rise from his bed, and groping the way to his desk, commit to paper some valuable idea, which the sleep of the night might bury in oblivion. It was his constant practice to transcribe whatever he met with curious or valuable; and so great was his diligence in this pursuit, that before he attained the age of sixteen years, he had amassed an incredible number of manuscripts, which were of themselves a sufficient fund for study and investigation.

A young man of such extraordinary propensities, and promising abilities, could not but excite in his friends and acquaintance the warmest hopes of his future welfare and eminence. They were persuaded he was in possession of talents, which would one day ripen into distinction. The fostering care of pecuniary patronage was however wanting; and the family of Mr. Harris was unfortunately in circumstances, which prevented his resorting to the advantages of a liberal education. Thus situated, it was the determination of his parents to place him to the apprenticeship of some useful employment. His own choice was consulted, and he selected the art of engraving, which of all others was the most conducive to the advancement of his favourite pursuits. His ingenuity and industry in this branch of business produced a rapid progress towards perfection. To him are the publick indebted for the portraits of a number of persons, who have sustained a distinguished rank in our country. They were published through the medium of the Polyanthos, a periodical paper printed in Boston, in the year 1806. He was now a considerable proficient in the Hebrew and other Oriental languages; had attained a good acquaintance with several of the tongues of Europe; was perfect master of the Latin, which he had learnedwhen a boy at school; and was directing his attention to some of the dialects of the North American Indians.

About this time, the Tunisian ambassadour arrived in Boston, and resided in that place several months. Among his suit, was a young man of the name of MOHAMED, who possessed an intimate acquaintance with several of the oriental languages. This was an opportunity for instruction, which Mr. Harris could not let escape, without attempting to derive some improvement. He accordingly obtained an introduction to the young Turk, and finding him very affable and communicative, requested his assistance in advanc-

ing him to a more perfect knowledge of several of the Eastern tongues. For three months he paid him daily visits, and by the instructions he received, became intimate with the Persian and Arabick languages. He was likewise taught the principles of a number of others. A friendship was thus contracted between himself and the Turk, which continued until his death, and several letters in the Arabick language have passed between them.

The merit and erudition of Mr. Harris could not long lie hid in obscurity. Some of the most respectable characters in Boston sought interviews with him, and became satisfied of the truth of the reports which had been circulated, respecting his profound knowledge. Still, however, it was matter of regret to them to observe, that the progress, which an absolute leisure might enable him to make, was retarded by the necessary occupations, which alone afforded him the means of subsistence. In consequence of this circumstance, a number of individuals generously offered to rescue him from his pecuniary discouragements, and furnish him with the means of procuring a liberal education. This offer was gratefully accepted; he immediately resigned the labours of his profession, and applied to the studies preparatory for an admission into the university. After only about one year's application, he entered Harvard College in the fall of 1808, as a member of the juniour class. He was here distinguished for his punctuality and attention to all the college exercises, his dignified and modest deportment, his benevolent and obliging disposition, and, in a word, for every virtue, which can adorn the Christian or the man. He did not contract many very intimate friendships, though he was universally accessible to his fellow-students. He had as little of the pride of learning, as was ever witnessed in any person with the least pretensions to knowledge. He would relinquish with alacrity the most favourite study,

or the most interesting investigation, to impart to another any information requested. He was a man of singular modesty, plain-heartedness, and integrity of mind; rather grave in his deportment, yet very affable; and justly meriting the encomium, which Tacitus passed upon Agrippa: "*Illi, quod est rarissimum, nec facilitas auctoritatem, nec severitas amorem diminuit.*" Though depressed by poverty, yet he could not but feel rich in his mental powers; though labouring under pecuniary dependency, yet his mind was elevated and ennobled by conscious worth. At least, he was a man that could reverence himself; that could be virtuous when alone, and good, when he could receive no other applause but his own. Notwithstanding, he was excellent also before the world. How much he was cherished and respected, was evinced by the anxiety and grief of the whole university, on the morning of the fatal catastrophe, and by the voluntary honours rendered him on the melancholy day of his interment.

To do justice to the *literary and scientific character* of Mr. Harris, is a task of much more difficulty and importance, than the execution of his biography. In delineating this part of his character, there is danger, on the one hand, of not attributing to his merits their full share of approbation; and on the other, of rendering such an account of them, as may be liable to the suspicion of exaggeration. Many have undoubtedly heard of the extraordinary talents and acquirements of Mr. Harris, and have been satisfied, from common report, that he was one of the most learned men this country ever produced. That he amply deserved this character, is our firmest belief; and we consider it a duty to offer to the publick the grounds of that belief, and not, by imposing on them our bare assertion, excite without attempting to gratify their curiosity.

Several causes conspired to elevate Mr. Harris to that

rank of scholarship, in which we have presumed to place him; his very early and unaccountable attachment to oriental literature, which extended back even beyond his own remembrance; a wonderful faculty of his mind in making the most sudden transition from amusement and levity to the most profound study and contemplation; a capacity, naturally great, and enlivened with great dexterity; a native ingenuity, which could alone accomplish more than the watchings of industrious study; a taste exquisitely delicate, and a judgment acutely penetrating; a calm and unruffled temper; an ardour that was animated by difficulties; and, perhaps, to all these may be added the very poverty, and security from temptation, which some would attribute to the frowns of fortune.

With all these superlative qualifications for a scholar, was it not to be expected, that he would achieve wonderful exploits, in whatever he engaged? Let the result determine. Of the oriental tongues, the following were no less familiar to him than his own, viz. the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriack, and Arabick. It is a fact, that not a dialect, a word, or a variation, throughout these four languages, escaped his knowledge. He has repeatedly perused the Old Testament in its original, and has even been known to search it from beginning to end, for the application of some general rule, which he wished to establish in the grammar of the language. With the Persian, Ethiopick, Samaritan, Bengalee, Turkish, and Hindustanee, he had a very thorough acquaintance, but was unable to converse so readily in any of these, as in the four first mentioned. All the works in the ten above enumerated, which had ever reached this country, and were accessible to him, he had studied with accuracy and fidelity. It would be tedious to enumerate the languages with which he had a moderate acquaintance, and could read with the assistance of a dictionary. His very

collection of alphabets was swelled by his indefatigable diligence and curiosity to an immense size; and he wanted only a glossary of any known language in the world, to enable him to read it with facility and satisfaction. The European languages, in which he had attained perfection, were the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian; he could read the Spanish, Portugese, and the modern Greek. Of the principles of the rest he was by no means ignorant.

The original languages of his native country, it must be supposed, would claim a considerable share of his interest and attention. He employed much time in comparing and elucidating them; and had he lived, the result of his labours in this department would have been, a copious and systematical grammar of the Indian languages of North America. The specimen he has left of this intended work, is a proof of his success in these investigations.

It was not the object of Mr. Harris to learn so many languages, for the superficial acquisition of a mere valuable knowledge of them. He was in every extent of the word a philosophical linguist. It was impossible for a mind so capacious as his to study language, without at the same time rendering him an accurate philologist, a complete historian, a profound antiquary, and a perfect mythologist. Accordingly, we find him sustaining each of these characters in a high degree, and ever ready to communicate the most ample information on any topicks within their respective provinces. As a historian, he was intimately acquainted with every important fact in the chronology of Asia, Europe, and America. His conjectures respecting the migrations and settlements of ancient nations were extremely ingenious, and seldom unsatisfactory. As a philologist, his investigations were generally bold, though always happily illustrated, and completely established. As an antiquary, his character is most deserving of admiration. He possessed a certain in-

genuity and originality of conjecture in this department, which is seldom witnessed in men of far greater celebrity. His researches here were almost unbounded and inconceivable. An adequate conception of them can only be formed, by examining the immense mass of manuscripts he has left behind, which contain the delineations of thousands of coins, and the transcripts of thousands of inscriptions. Among his papers, there are some facts respecting American antiquities, which are peculiarly valuable, and whose loss would probably be irretrievable.

To place Mr. Harris's excellence entirely in his skill in the languages, would be an act of errour and injustice to his character. He had extended his researches far into the departments of mathematicks, natural history, and natural philosophy, and was in all these a practical, no less than a theoretical scholar. He possessed a mechanical propensity, which was highly useful to him in these studies, as it prompted him to manufacture various kinds of instruments, illustrative of the principles he investigated. He was one of the founders of the Harvard Linnean Society, in the exercises of which he displayed much skill and taste as a natural philosopher. In his knowledge of astronomy, he was excelled by very few; perhaps by none in the science of ancient astronomy.

Having thus enumerated his most prominent acquisitions, it may be worthy of remark, that Mr. Harris, in all his pursuits, proceeded upon this firm and unshaken principle, to perform well whatever he undertook. Three things he utterly detested, and thought unworthy the character of a scholar; a superficial acquaintance of any subject of attention; an implicit submission to authority; and a pedantical display of one's acquirements. "If fortune had "been as kind to him as nature, greater employments had "been at once his honour and his business. But from all

"his services and performances, he derived no other advan-
"tage than the acting of them; and at his death left no other
"wealth behind him, but that of a high reputation."

After all, we cannot but regret the imperfection of the present account, and its utter incompetency to exhibit a complete display of the character of Mr. Harris. And in expressing this regret, we do entirely disclaim the least sentiment of affectation, or design of exaggerating the merits of our departed friend. We should fear the reproaches of his indignant spirit, were we to swerve from the most exact truth; that truth, which he adored and cultivated in every period of his life. But friendship and justice for the deceased would not permit us easily to forget that virtue and that excellence, which, while alive, conciliated so much of our respect and love; we would at least render him the tribute which it is in our power to bestow; we would at least drop a tear, however unavailing, on his sacred memory, and endeavour to exhibit to the world, however imperfectly, that character, which our praises cannot elevate:

.....animam.....
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT WEBBER.

ANOTHER excellent man is numbered among the deceased presidents of our University, and we should be deficient in performing our duty, were we to pass by the solemn event without notice. If, as men with pretensions to literature, we owe respect to the memory of one who supported with honour the proudest literary station, surely, as pupils, we are bound to express our veneration for the character of a lamented patron and guide. To enter into a par-

ticular analysis of the intellectual powers of our late president, or into a minute detail of his studies and acquirements, is beyond our ability, and cannot reasonably be expected from us. The language of feeling is not often that of cool disquisition ; and we choose at this time rather to shew ourselves affectionate than profound. If what we may say will add little to the credit of our learning, we shall be satisfied if it add any thing to the credit of our gratitude and regard for truth.

Dr. Webber, after having filled the offices of tutor and professor of mathematicks in this university, was, in 1806, elected the successor of the venerable WILLARD in the presidency. His elevation to that important office is a strong proof of the fidelity with which he had discharged the duties of his former employments. He was now at the head of an institution, which had boasted of presidents eminent for learning and piety ;—men, who were considered as presiding not merely over the university, but in a manner over the literature of the nation.

Dr. Webber was inferiour to few of his predecessors in all those qualifications, which can adorn the scholar, and dignify the Christian. He brought with him a reputation for science, to which very few could oppose equal claims. He was celebrated as a mathematician, and possessed a considerable acquaintance with various branches of polite learning.

He was esteemed for his moral, no less than his intellectual endowments. If he was honoured for his learning, he was likewise revered for his piety. Recommended by these valuable qualities, he ensured the confidence of his electors and the esteem of his associates.

The students reverenced him for his paternal care. They regarded him as a parent ; for he administered advice, as well as reproof, with all a parent's affection and solicitude.

His government was mild and equitable; and he was never unfeeling, when his duty compelled him to be rigorous. He knew how to promote discipline by indulgence, and to mingle tenderness with the conscientious discharge of duty. The severity of the governour was happily tempered with the feelings of the man; and the union rendered his precepts more agreeable, without lessening their efficacy. He was reluctant to inflict punishment; and when he did punish, it was with tears.

Though he would scrupulously adhere to those principles and rules of conduct by which he proposed to be guided, he was ever ready to shew their reasonableness or expedience. He was firm without obstinacy, and decisive without rashness. He was not often dissuaded from a measure which he once adopted; for it had been the result of much deliberation, and every objection had been previously obviated. Though his official duties were numerous, and important, and pressing, the President never acted but upon the maturest reflection. He possessed various qualities of mind, which peculiarly fitted him for governing. With a large share of sensibility, he was resolute and unshaken. When harassed by many avocations, he was never precipitate; he carefully devoted to each of them all that attention which it required. Thus, he seldom committed a fault from imprudence, or too hasty a consideration of the subject.

With great delicacy of feeling, his equanimity was remarkable. Though in the prosecution of his complicated publick duties, there must have been much to ruffle and irritate, he was ever serene and placid. No subject was ever presented for his consideration, upon which he could not form a decision in the most dispassionate manner; and reason may truly be said to have exercised an undisturbed control over all his actions. Such were the noble qualities of mind, which enabled him to sustain with so much honour his elevated rank.

His literary and moral excellencies were not however his only qualifications. He well knew and he uniformly observed all the proprieties of exteriour deportment. He was polite without being servile ; for his politeness was not the artificial refinement of subtilty, but the unaffected civility of wisdom. He acted and spoke with that simplicity of air and language, which so well becomes a man of independence and greatness of mind. In him grandeur of mein admirably corresponded with personal merit. He possessed a very impressive loftiness of demeanour, which, while it repressed indecent familiarity, had nothing in it of haughtiness or arrogance. Thus he executed his official duties not only with the skill of a man of letters, but with the urbanity of a man of the world. On publick occasions, in particular, the dignity with which he presided over the university, has perhaps not been surpassed. At such times, no one ever beheld him without being struck with the majesty of his appearance ; and all revered him, when they knew that majesty to be the truest index of the improvement of his mind, and the elevation of his soul.

In public life, he was not more admired for his learning, than in private he was loved for his amiable disposition. The serenity and purity, which were so conspicuous in the former, reigned also in the latter. In his intercourse with his fellow-men, he was ever under the influence of the Christian virtues ; and he very rarely deviated from the path of rectitude, or from those principles which he had established for the regulation of his conduct. He was religious without ostentation, and moral without affecting rigour. While he anxiously adhered to the precepts of reason on every other subject, he thought it presumptuous and criminal to reject them on the subject of religion. He thought that a man might be sincere without enthusiasm, and rational without scepticism. His piety was therefore of the purest kind ;

it was rather modest than noisy, and was oftener seen in practice than heard in profession.

We have said that he was a scholar. But so great was his fame in mathematicks, that, in contemplating his literary character, we are apt to forget his excellence in other departments. He possessed a considerable knowledge of a great variety of languages. He was accurately versed in Latin, and in Greek he was profoundly skilled. With French and German he was quite familiar, and had read the best works in those tongues. He acquired a competent knowledge of Dutch, to read the mathematical treatises which that language afforded. He had even extended his researches into Saxon, and possessed a general acquaintance with most of the dialects of the North of Europe. In accumulating his vast information, he was indefatigable. No obstacles could overcome, no difficulties could discourage him. His example should stimulate all, who are ambitious of literary eminence, to give to the endowments of nature the aid of study and application.

POETRY.

ELEGY.

HAS the fell shaft with frequent aim been sped,
To blast our hopes, and strike our comforts dead ?
Have the fond dreams, which youthful fancy fir'd,
Been turn'd to anguish, as a friend expir'd ?
Has each mild virtue flown, and every grace,
Which the desponding mind still loves to trace ?
Has genius, science, prov'd too weak to save ?
Have youth and manhood found one common grave ?
Vain man, let not thine impious grief arraign
The power that turns thy every joy to pain !
Hush every murmur, mourn thy loss no more,
Behold the hand that smites thee, and adore !
To renovate the breathless, clay-cold frame,

No friendly sighs can fan the vital flame ;
Nor all the tears that piety can shed,
Restore to fleeting life the silent dead.
Be humble then, confess the wise decree,
Nor doubt that goodness which protected thee.
Within the narrow pale of one short year,
What wond'rous trains of countless woes appear !
Learning still mourns her BIRD's untimely doom,
And bends in anguish o'er her STEVENS' tomb.
Lamented brothers ! while you calmly sleep,
Where pain has ceas'd to wound, and worth to weep ;
Your bright example to the world is given,
To guide our lives, and lift the soul to heaven.
But ah ! not yet was clos'd the scene of fate ;
Still other griefs our little band await ;
Again our peace the gloom of death invades,
And spreads a horrour o'er the classick shades.
Dejected friendship still delights to pause,
In sad remembrance of what HIXON was ;
With pride attempts his rising worth to show,
And paint the virtues which she best can know.
Mourn, memory, o'er the flatt'ring hopes of youth ;
O'er spotless honour, and unsullied truth,
And ardent genius struggling on to fame,
And high ambition's quickly-smother'd flame,
And those soft virtues which alone can charm,
Sooth with their mildness, with their fervour warm,
And meek-eyed pity ever prompt to save ;—
They sleep with HIXON in his timeless grave.
Great God ! what anguish wrung each aching breast,
When fate's next valu'd victim sunk to rest !
If ever Virtue dwelt 'midst human woes,
Sure HARRIS' bosom was the seat she chose :
If Genius e'er to one his favours show'd,
On HARRIS surely were his gifts bestow'd.
Brother belov'd, immortal be thy name,
And sacred as thy virtues, be thy fame !
'Twas his to trace those paths of Eastern lore,
Where scarce a footstep show'd a track before ;
With Eastern minstrels, Eastern woes bewail,
Or stray with Hafiz in sweet Cashmere's vale.

Nor could the labours of that science bind
The wondrous vigour of his ardent mind.
The classick page with richest pleasures fraught,
Inspired his fancy, and engag'd his thought:
Nature to him her boundless stores reveal'd,
And Genius forced each stubborn bar to yield:
But these, alas! were whelmed beneath the wave,
That roll'd o'er Harris' melancholy grave.
Insatiate flood, was death thy fell design,
Till what was mostly valu'd should be thine?
Thou hast thy Curtius; be thy vengeance staid;
Nor longer wreck the worth thou canst not aid.
His gentle spirit, for this world too bright,
Communes with angels in the realms of light,
And tastes that rest in its own proper sphere,
Which heaven in wisdom had denied it here.
Farewell, our brother, o'er thy tomb we grieve,
But sighs and tears are all our grief can give.
Hast thou too vanished, Harvard's latest pride,
Our sire and friend, our ruler and our guide?
With thee we strayed through learning's pleasing ways,
Cheer'd by thy smiles, enlivened by thy praise.
But thou hast flown, and left thy sons to mourn,
And bathe with pious tears thy sacred urn.

:o:

LIMON.

" .....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

RULES FOR JESTING.

A writer of the seventeenth century, in giving a character of Sir THOMAS WIAT, a counsellor of Henry VIII, enumerates among his other qualities a very poignant power of jesting. " Sir Thomas," says he, " was a wit in the abstract;" and then, having related some anecdotes of the knight, wherein he played off a few pretty severe jokes upon king Henry, he tells us:

" His jests were always confined to these rules:

" 1. He never played upon a mans unhappiness or de-
" formity ; it being inhumane.

" 2. Not on superiours ; for that is saucy and undutiful.

" 3. Nor on serious or holy matters ; for that's irreli-
" gious ; applying to this occasion that of the Athenians,
" who would not suffer Pathus to play his comedies, where
" Euripides repeated his tragedies.

" 4. He had much salt, but no gall ; often jesting, but
" never jeering.

" 5. He observed times, persons, and circumstances ;
" knowing when to speak, and knowing too when to hold
" his peace.

" 6. His apt and handsome repartees were rather natu-
" ral than affected ; subtle and acute, prompt and easie, yet
" not careless ; never rendering himself contemptible to
" please others.

" 7. Not an insipid changing of words was his gift, but a
" smart retort of matters, which every body was better pleas-
" ed with than himself.

" 8. He always told a story well ; and was as good at
" a neat continued discourse, as at a quick sentence ; con-
" triving it in an handsome method, clothing it with suitable
" expressions, without any parenthesis or impertinencies, and
" representing persons and actions so to the life, that you
" would think you saw what you but heard : A notable way,
" that argued the man of a ready apprehension, an ingenious
" fine fancy, a tenacious memory, a graceful elocution, an ex-
" act judgment and digression, and perfect acquaintance
" with things and circumstances. His phrase was clean and
" clear, the picture of his thoughts and language, (even in an
" argument) not harsh nor severe, but gentle and obliging,
" never contradicting but with an *under favour sir ;* always
" subjoining to his adversaries discourse, what the Dutch
" do to all ambassadors proposals, *it may be so.*"